Sharp Teeth

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21216932.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Path (TV), James Bond (Craig Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Le Chiffre/Cal Roberts
Characters:	Le Chiffre, Cal Roberts, Sarah Lane, Eddie Lane
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, Completely AU, Alternate Universe - Vampire, Alternate Universe - Werewolf, Sex Club, Taboo, peace talks, Stress Relief, Hook-Up, Anonymous Sex, Instant Attraction, calculated werewolves, religious vampires, Demons, Dominance, Submission, Dom/sub Undertones, thoughts about blood, Rough Sex, (Slightly), Knotting, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Cal, Alpha Le Chiffre, Alpha/Alpha, Full Shift Werewolves, Werewolf Sex, The Morning After The Night Before
Language:	English
Series:	Part 100 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 11 of Monster Lover, Part 77 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn
Collections:	MonthlyRareMeat, #SpookySlick
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-28 Words: 4,927 Chapters: 1/1

Sharp Teeth

by TigerPrawn

Summary

As one of the leaders of The Movement - The United States' Vampire Coven - Cal Roberts has been asked to take part in the peace talks with the East European Enclave of Werewolves. Only problem is, Cal has always enjoyed the taboo sex with werewolves and now has to spend a whole weekend with them. The best thing to do would be to try and fuck it out of his system the night before the talks begin.

Notes

A little something for #RareMeat Cal Week, #SpookySlick (Sharp Teeth prompt) AND #VampireHannibalFest

Cal walked into the bar and took a moment to scent the air, making sure it was worth his while staying.

This was the kind of place where people came for only one thing. And it was that one thing that he wanted - sex.

But his desires were very specific, not to mention taboo, and very much the draw of this particular establishment. It wouldn't do for Cal Roberts, one of the leaders of The United States' Vampire Coven - *The Movement* - to be found in a place that was specifically intended to facilitate carnal relations between vampires and werewolves.

Cal had been doing this secretly for years, and that was counting in human years. Back before he ascended the ladder of leadership within the movement.

Back then it had been more difficult to find a partner, less places like these. A reliance more on knowing the right people and the right parties.

Though back then it had less of a risk for him personally. He hadn't been anyone then.

He hadn’t been anyone until Steve Meyer had deemed him old enough to be initiated into the coven with the other vampires. As the years went on, it became easier to find places like this, but more dangerous for him. It had paid for Cal to become friendly with the owner and make deals to secure his anonymity. Luckily he as good at trading favours, he had enough sway in vampire business to pull a lot of string.

And now he stood trying to sense those around him for lycans. There was no point his staying if there were none here, but equally he was prepared to wait a little while. He was particularly wound up and needed to get it out of his system.

He'd been told earlier in the day that he was to be involved in the truce talks between the US Coven and the East European Enclave of Werewolves. A perfectly acceptable expectation given his position. But the thought of spending that much time with werewolves had his cock twitching already. A clear downside for his proclivities, though he would never normally encounter wolves in his daily life.

He definitely needed to fuck the feeling out of his system. They'd scent his arousal for sure, and no one needed that in the middle of a peace summit.

Cal could scent a couple of wolves in there, amongst the very few patrons. One, he could see, was already occupied in a booth at the back of the room, grinding a young female vampire against his clothed cock. Cal ached at the sight and turned away, following the other scent to the bar.

Alone, there sat a sleek looking beast, as Cal would usually categorise all werewolves, but in this case the word didn't quite fit. The man was of a height with himself as far as he could tell from his perch on the stall. His dark hair was neatly styled and his clothes - a button up and suit - were all black. From the side, Cal could make out sharp, almost angular features. He wasn't Cal's usual type, he had to admit.

Cal liked the big, thick set alpha wolves who would hold him down and assert their dominance, at his command.

But there was something rather enticing about this man's scent, and the vibe he gave off. He seemed calm and controlled, something Cal prided himself in being, in public at least.

When the wolf moved slightly, his nose twitching, Cal knew he had also been scented. His arousal already apparent.

Cal began to approach the bar, and when the wolf turned to look at him, Cal could see the deep scar through a damaged eye. A battle scar of some sort and Cal wondered if it had been dealt him by a fellow wolf during infighting or a vampire during their ongoing wars.

The wolf's gaze was dark. Not entirely hostile but something near it. He seemed as though he wasn't sure if he wanted to appear approachable or not.

Cal was willing to find out, taking the stool next to him along the empty bar and signalling for the barman.

"You're wasting your time," The wolf rumbled at him, voice rich and deep with an accent that Cal would need more time to place.

"Excuse me?" Cal replied, his attention still on the barman who was now making his way over.

The wolf remained quiet as Cal was served, not speaking again until Cal had taken a gulp of his drink.

"I didn't know what sort of establishment this was when I first came in. I merely wished to have a drink." The wolf's words were cool and dripping in disdain.

Though Cal didn't miss the past tense there. "Wished? Have your thoughts changed?" He latched onto the possibility and sipped his drink again. Still not looking at the wolf next to him, both starring over the bar at the rows of spirits.

"A few minutes ago I would have said no." The tone was almost put out, a resentment that he might rethink this idea. "Your scent is pleasing."

Cal's lips tweaked into a smile. "I enjoy yours too. You have no objections to alphas?" Cal ventured, having met some who did in the past.

"No more than I do vampires," The wolf answered.

That drew a laugh from Cal that loosened his chest and made his cock twitch. Not his usual type, for sure, but certainly an enticing character.

"I have never been a place such a this. What do people do if they find each other… acceptable?"

Cal swallowed, scenting that the wolf was certainly becoming very interested in the idea. It was all he could do not to run a hand up the man's leg.

"Follow me," Cal replied, his voice husky with want. He hopped down from the bar stool and collected his drink before sauntering towards the back rooms, knowing with certainty that the wolf was following him.

Cal held the door for his new friend as they went into the back. It was a quick thing to show his membership card to the bouncer there and be allowed through to the long corridor of private, soundproofed rooms. Cal lead the way down, finally opening the door of the first one that read as unoccupied.

Once inside, Cal held the door and watched the wolf hesitate before following inside with his own drink in hand. Cal closed the door and slid the lock across before turning to look at his

evening's companion.

He had his back to Cal and was clearly taking in the room. It was all luxurious fabrics and expensive aesthetics. A low coffee table and plush sofa, candles dotted on side boards. The very back of the room was curtained off, but open just enough to reveal the grand and sumptuous bed.

Cal moved slowly around the wolf, taking the chance to really look him over. The sleek lines of black on black, the promise of an athletic form beneath.

He resisted the urge to run a hand over the expensive fabric of the suit. With any other he might, but this wolf had been reluctant. He hadn't come here looking for this and Cal didn't want him to change his mind.

Though the growing scent of the alpha's arousal was clear and sharp. As, he knew, was his own.

"You want to fuck," The wolf said, cold and detached. It wasn't a question.

Cal stopped in his steps, feeling the rush of heat to his face at the brazen comment. Clearly a comment and not a question.

Cal took a breath and turned to face the wolf completely, stepping into his space and leaning in to say, "Do you want me to knot you?" His question was rumbled low.

The wolf huffed a laugh and his brow was raised when Cal moved back to look at him.

"I've never seen a vampire knot," The wolf quirked a grin, lopsided and somewhat condescending. There seemed an implication there that a vampires knot would be less than his own lycan physiology.

Cal shook his head dismissively and walked away. Walking slowly back and forth in the space in front of the wolf, the same way he did when he made his sermons to the coven. He knew the power he had, he knew how enigmatic he was. He didn't need to look at the wolf to know he felt it too.

"Some think," Cal began to sermonise, "that the vampire body is lesser than werewolf, that it is only a rung above that of the human. But scripture tells us," He looked to the wolf now, delivering the words to him directly, "that the first vampire was born of a demon and a human. That werewolves were spawned in the same way. And so, we are one. One flesh. Humans, vampires and werewolves. Destined to find peace and-"

"Is that why you like to fuck with werewolves?" The wolf chuckled coldly, though Cal didn't miss the way his eyes roamed over his body, the way he ran his tongue out over a sharp tooth before continuing, "Fuck your way to peace? An interesting strategy."

Cal joined with light laughter, a little self deprecating as he shook his head.

"It isn't part of the scripture subscribed to much, by my kind or yours," Cal continued, "And no, I don't think coupling with werewolf brings us any closer to peace. But it does,

personally, bring me closer to god."

Cal let out a shuddering breath and sucked his lower lip into his mouth as they stared each other down. The wolf was panting a little now too, and Cal knew - if he looked - he would see the hard outline of his cock through the black trousers.

"Every time I am one flesh with a wolf I ascend a little further." Cal continued, breathless.

The wolf huffed, the grin returning, sardonic, "Sounds like wolves are just better at fucking than vampires."

"That might also be true," Cal agreed with a growl. His movement was preternaturally quick, sliding his hand behind the wolf's nape and stepping into him in one fluid motion, pressing their mouths together into a hungry kiss.

And it was hungry. He could feel the wolf holding back and wondered if he would be able to control his instincts, given that he seemed suddenly on the verge of shifting. Cal could sense it, could practically feel the vibration of it against his senses.

It was everything he loved about being with a wolf, and more. Everything about this was so much more.

"I want to have you," The wolf growled against his lips, barely moving back to do so.

Cal chuckled into his mouth.

"For someone not looking for a hookup, you now seem pretty eager." Cal laughed out the words, breathing them into the wolf's mouth.

"You changed my mind," He replied, his hand sliding between them so that he gripped Cal's hard cock as he continued, "I like your scent."

As if on cue, Cal's cock pulsed with more precome, creating more of the scent his new friend was so enjoying.

Cal moaned into the touch and pressed forward until he was fully in the wolf's hand, just the material of his khakis separating them.

"Vampires don't submit," Cal rasped the words in the prideful tone he had that wasn't always positively received.

"Is that right?" The wolf huffed the words in amusement, a tone that implied he might challenge that, but then he continued. "I wasn't aware I had asked you to submit."

"Just preempting," Cal said, then drew a deep gasp followed by a moan, as the wolf's mouth moved to his throat and nipped there.

Wolves, vampires and humans were unable to physically bond outside of their own species, and his instinctive physical reaction was not one of being teased by the idea that they could.

More the knowledge that it would take little, even in human form, for the wolf to do quite some damage if he chose to sink in his teeth.

It wouldn't likely kill him, unless the beast beheaded him completely, but it would be a painful and lengthy recovery. And the thought of having such a threat was arousing.

"Don't make me leash you," Cal growled, even as his hand went up to the wolf's nape, sliding into his hair and holding him at his throat. Showing his equal strength.

A deep rumbling laugh responded, and the wolf spoke against the flesh he had been worrying with lips and teeth, "You're welcome to try."

The wolf had begun stroking his length and with those words ringing in his ears, Cal was losing any little restraint he had.

He growled as he took hold of the wolf and threw him bodily at the bed. It wasn't far, but all the same it was far enough that the wolf looked up at him with a grin from where he now lay on his back, clearly amused and perhaps impressed by Cal's strength.

"You're old," the wolf noted, a comment on his strength. "It's hard for me to tell with vampires."

Cal shook his head, "No, not very. Just… capable." It was true, and these were the reasons he'd risen so high in the Movement. Been taken under the coven master's wing and advanced in ways that many his age would never have. He had the strength and skill of a vampire twice his age. He didn't always have the wisdom. As was evident from this hobby he had.

The wolf's grin widened and Cal's eyes went to the twitching bulge in the beast's trousers.

He scented the air and savoured it. Wolves always smelt so primal and base. Closer to the demon ancestry that the vampires were always trying to commune with. It always seemed illogical to him that so few of his kind, and especially those in his position, didn't partake in this sort of activity with wolves. Perhaps more would if they realised it achieved a greater closeness to the ancestors than any spiritual meeting or prayer.

"I won't be gentle," Cal said, both cool and heated at the same time as he advanced on the bed whilst unbuckling his belt.

"I don't want you to be," The wolf replied, that grin still there. Combined with the penetrated stare, it seemed a taunt. He seemed to be daring Cal to do his very best.

"So you've not been with a vampire before," Cal noted as he let his trousers drop, pulling them off with his shoes and socks.

The wolf shook his head, "The opportunity has never presented itself, and until tonight I had not been eager for it to do so."

Cal couldn't help but take pride in that, grinning as he pulled off his underwear and stroked his cock a couple of times. The wolf's eyes went to it immediately, a hungry look there now as Cal squeezed the flesh of his knot. He knew from experience it was little different from a

werewolf. The same size and texture, though the wolves were slightly different, more bulbous in shape.

"Tell me," Cal asked as he moved to the end of the bed and began to unbuckle the wolf's belt, "do you believe in the worship of our ancestors?"

"No," The wolf replied plainly, "I believe in a reasonable rate of return."

Cal quirked his brow but couldn't help chuckling at the analytical response, when he'd simply been attempting dirty talk. He opened the wolf's fly and pulled his trousers down enough to pull his leaking cock out through and began to stroke it.

The wolf groaned at the cold touch of his hand and sank back down onto the bed, looking at the ceiling.

"Are you going to make a believer of me?" the Wolf rasped the words.

"Perhaps. As I said, I find myself closer to the ancestors when I couple with a wolf." Cal breathed the words just above the wolf's cock before sinking his mouth down on him, taking him almost to the back of his throat. He let his retracted fangs graze lightly over the turgid flesh.

The wolf cut off his own responding growl, and Cal felt sharp fingers sink into his hair and pull him back, yanking him hard until the cock fell from his mouth. He met the wolf's gaze.

There was a possessive anger there, the expression of someone used to owning everything, used to being in control.

"Tonight you are mine. You won't talk about others." The words were deep and commanding, they even made Cal shudder a little as he grinned in response.

"I don't take orders, but…" He lowered his mouth again, words ghosting over wet flesh, "if it would ensure our coupling, then I'll oblige."

The wolf snarled as Cal took him back in, his fingers still clenching painfully tight but not restricting him. He felt the now swelling knot pressing against his mouth and restricting how far he could easily go.

"I admit, I am close to submitting," The wolf huffed a laugh, though he still seemed completely in control of himself. Cal was almost tempted to see if he could really push this one into losing himself, losing his control and transforming whilst inside him.

Cal let him slip from his mouth with an audible pop, before growling, "Don't let me stop you,"

He moved then, away from the throbbing member now covered in his saliva and up fully onto the bed.

"I'm going to use you, and you will enjoy it," Cal pressed, getting only a grunt in response as he straddled the wolf and began to rut against him.

Another gasp and the wolf's hands, claws now beginning to protrude, went to his hips and clutched tightly, as he rubbed himself along the length of his cock. He rocked until it was slotted between his ass cheeks and left his new friend in no doubt of what was to happen next.

Cal leaned forward, moving his whole body up so that as he took the wolf's mouth in another deep and hungry kiss, his cock fell naturally to press to Cal's entrance.

"Ngg," The sounds that came from the wolf did not speak of control. He choked out his words, "I thought you would not submit to me."

The wolf let out another strangled cry as Cal pressed back and sank down onto him. He was tight, he knew. He'd prepared himself before leaving the house, and it wasn't so long since the last time he'd fucked that this was terribly uncomfortable. It was tight, there was a stretch, but the kind he thoroughly enjoyed - already anticipating the knot he would take soon.

Cal panted out a laugh, "This is not submission, I will take what I want. I am in control. If you wolves think this is submission then you are coupling incorrectly."

He didn't give the wolf chance to adjust before he started fucking himself hard and fast on the wolf's cock. He gripped the wolf's shoulders, looking down at him and taking in the harsh gaze as it took him a moment to recover.

And then his claws sank into Cal's flesh and he grunted as he let Cal use him. He didn't move, didn't thrust up. He submitted entirely, just clutching tight to him as though to keep a grip on the situation. One that he was rapidly losing as his knot started to catch on Cal's rim and he broke their eye contact.

The wolf's eyes rolled to the back of his head and he shuddered. Cal gave him mercy and eased up a bit, slowing and not sinking so low, a little concerned that the wolf would come before he even took his knot.

"You're so cold," The wolf was finally able to say.

"Yes," Cal agreed, his ego rejoicing in being the first vampire this wolf had experienced.

"It's good…" The words came out like gravel, deeper than before. A hint at the control the wolf was losing.

"It's okay if you shift," Cal spoke as he picked up the pace again, the words panted and slightly obscured by his fangs extending in response to the thought. "Just warn me," He managed the last with a slight laugh. “I don’t want to over react and tear your throat out.”

Cal imagined his face covered in the wolf’s blood and his heart thud a little faster. He’d love to drink from this beast. Just a little. Just enough to feel him inside him in every possible way. It didn't help that he could scent the wolf's blood so strongly, more so than he'd ever met. He could feel it in the wolf's eye and half expected at any moment for him to start crying tears. Something that intrigued him more than a little, but he had to put it aside and just take what he needed this night.

The tightening of this inner muscles that the thought caused him brought an inhuman growl from the wolf and the constricting of his claws. They dug deep into Cal's flesh now and drew blood. The scent of it aroused them both all the more.

In instinctive response, the wolf tried to move, tried to sit up enough to take some control, but Cal slammed him back down to the bed.

He braced his arm across the wolf's chest, ready to slip it up to his throat, as he fucked down on him until his knot was almost there, again.

"I want you to think of our ancestors whilst you come inside me," Cal growled, noticing how the wolf's eyes flicked to his fangs.

He only received a grunt, one that spoke of a barely contained beast, as he pushed back.

"Oh fuck, that's it. Right there," Cal groaned as he took the knot in part way, pulled off again and then slammed back down until it was half way inside him. He didn't pull back that time but took a breath before pushing back further, sinking to the root of the wolf's cock.

Everything was silent for a moment and then the wolf let out a howl that Cal could feel from the chest under him. The wolf's whole body constricted as though he was going to curl in upon himself had Cal not been in the way.

His eyes were closed, but when they reopened his good eye was yellow. Cal stopped his howl with a kiss, swallowing the noise within himself. Something primal and brought forth by his actions. It was a howl for him.

Cal felt it then, the spill of come inside him that was so hot it was almost unbearable. It was never like this with another vampire, their seed as cold as his own. Now the warmth that had radiated from having the wolf's cock inside him, pulsed like molten liquid filling him.

The sensation was all Cal needed. He pulled back from the kiss, their mouths only millimeters apart.

"Oh yes, yes, all of it…" Cal commanded as he shuddered and came between them. He felt the sharp breath the wolf took as the cold semen hit the warm flesh of his stomach.

Cal chuckled, pulling back enough to look at him. His teeth had extended but his muzzle had not, his eyes were wolflike and his body was even hotter than it had been before, burning with the need to change that the wolf was managing to control.

"Impressive," Cal panted, "And challenging, perhaps we can meet again and I can see if I can drive you to shift." He leaned in and whispered the following next to the wolf's ear "I do love the feeling of having one of you shift whilst inside me."

At that, as Cal had thought might be the case, the wolf snarled and surged up, rolling them so that Cal was now laughing beneath him.

"Don't like the thought of that do you? You wolves are always so territorial."

At the call out, at the jibe, the wolf backed off a little clearly realising that he had reacted exactly as Cal had wanted. That Cal was still very much in control even as he lay knotted under the wolf.

"Shift for me," Cal commanded softly.

Unlike many others, this one hesitated for a moment, not a concern for Cal, he was sure. But hesitation at truly being that submissive, of being commanded in such a way.

But he did so nonetheless.

Cal groaned and put his hand around his own knot, circling it as best he could and squeezing as he felt the wold heat all the more. His body was like fire as the wolf shifted from his human form, the wet sound of flesh and bone reforming above him. Cal watched hungrily as the wolf became just that. His muzzle extended and he nuzzled it against Cal's neck, long tongue lapping at flesh, as the rest of his body transformed.

Cal moaned as the cock inside him grew all the more, the knot thickening all the more. He started to jerk his free hand crudely over his cock as he continued to squeeze his knot.

When the shift was complete and fur pressed against him, he felt the wolf's knot pulse again and he clenched around it. The wolf whined and then growled, as he came deep and hot within Cal. Hotter than before, enough to heat Cal's blood and give him a taste of what it was to not run cold all the time.

Cal groaned and squeezed, coming copiously between them again, his own knot throbbing and balls drawing up as he emptied everything he had. The wolf was still coming when he finished.

Cal panted and writhed, milking every last bit,

"Good boy," he moaned. "Very good boy."

*

Cal rolled his shoulders, feeling the pleasant ache there.

He was so glad that the night before he had given into his urges and gone to the club. He could already scent the werewolves arriving at the conference centre in the city that had been hired to host the summit.

Cal closed his eyes and tried to block the overwhelming scent. He was sure, had he not gotten it out of his system the night before, that he might even be getting a little aroused by their presence. And he couldn’t afford that lack of control in these talks.

Negotiations really. Peace was the only option unless they wanted to spend another decade killing each other along poorly defined borders.

He watched as Eddie and Sarah, clearly affected in a completely different way, shuffled their papers and seemed on edge by the beasts that were stalking towards the conference room.

“It’ll be fine,” Cal told them, a reassuring smile turned on them. “Perhaps one soul at a time we transform our broken, broken world into a place that is whole again.”

Sarah returned the smile, seeming a little comforted. They had a clear vision. They would attempt to connect with the wolves on common ground - their shared ancestry. They might not turn any of them to the light, they had strayed from it too long, but they might find enough between them to broker a truce.

“Here they come,” Eddie practically growled the words and Cal felt his energy bristle.

The three of them turned to the door as it was opened by the venue staff, admitting the three representatives the East European Enclave had sent.

Nondescript for the most part. But for the third one.

As he walked through the door Cal felt his blood run colder than usual. He had that deep sense of discomfort as he did those times when he realised he was out of his depth. When he realised he’d need more than just charisma and bravado.

The wolf from the night before looked very different to how he had left him, sprawled on the bed and cock covered in some of the come that had spilled back out of Cal.

He had been sleeping lightly, had reverted back to his human form, and Cal had left feeling sated and full of light.

And now he was before him, neatly dressed, all in black once more. And his scent was…

Cal cleared his throat as the wolves approached, reaching the other side of the large oval table. The wolf wasn’t aroused, but there was something. A pleasure and amusement at seeing Cal again.

Their place cards had already been set out, their names and titles. And there he stood behind his: Jean Duran - Le Chiffre.

Cal turned his laughter inward before it had chance to bubble up through him.

“Le Chiffre”, the title of the head of the economic interests of the whole East European Enclave, and he was in attendance. And Cal had fucked him so hard he’d shifted.

Cal smiled, feeling an immense sense of power in these negotiations that he might not have if the night before hadn’t happened.

“Pleased to meet you all,” Cal said, holding his arms out in welcome and looking to the three of them before settling on Jean Duran.

The wolf smiled back at him, a warmth there, a dark charm of his own.

“We’re very much looking forward to these negotiations,” Cal told them, letting the smile play across his lips.

“As are we,” Cal’s wolf growled back, the energy crackling between them with the promise of so many things to come.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!